

Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 14. No. 8. 1st October, 1941.



Australian Jockey Club

SPRING MEETING

1941

October 4th, 6th, 8th, and 11th

FIRST DAY

A.J.C. Derby, of £5,000 - - - One Mile and a Half
Epsom Handicap, of £3,000 - - - - - One Mile
The Colin Stephen Stakes,
of £1,300 - - - - - One Mile and a Half

SECOND DAY

Breeders' Plate, of £1,300 - - - - - Five Furlongs
The Metropolitan, of £5,000 - - - One Mile and
Five Furlongs

THIRD DAY

Craven Plate, of £1,300 - One Mile and a Quarter
Gimcrack Stakes, of £1,300 - - - Five Furlongs

FOURTH DAY

Randwick Plate, of £1,000 - - - - - Two Miles

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

GEO. T. ROWE, Secretary.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 14. No. 8



1st October, 1941

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 27th December, 1941 (in aid of The Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund of N.S.W.), and on Thursday, 1st January, 1942.

The Club Man's Diary

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS: 4th, Mr. L. C. Wicks, Mr. K. J. Patrick, Mr. W. C. Goodwin; 5th, Mr. E. A. Goldsmid, Mr. F. P. Robinson; 6th, Mr. E. W. Bell; 7th, Mr. P. F. Miller; 9th, Rt. Hon. Ald. S. S. Crick; 11th, Mr. James Hackett; 17th, Mr. T. D. Mutch; 21st, Mr. E. R. Deveridge; 27th, Mr. A. J. Moverley; 31st, Mr. W. H. Cawsey, Capt. C. Bartlett.

In other years in another State I knew a racing writer who, irrespective of whether the favourites rolled home, or whether the rankest outsiders made memorable the meeting, opened his narrative with a reference to "meteorological conditions"—"weather" was too base a word. He gave the public "champagne sunshine," "fleecy clouds," "a breeze wafting the incense of flowers," before descending to earth level.

That fellow was the last of the poets among racing scribes. His Pegasus is as dead as The Byerley Turk or The Godolphin Arabian. Give 'em straight stuff—which won, how, why, what price—is to-day's motto.

How would Max O'Rell fare? On a visit to Australia at Melbourne Cup time, in the early years of the new century, he was commissioned by "The Argus" to write the introduction to the meeting. He set off about sunshine and lawns, of pretty women and red parasols, and wound up with: "There was also some racing."

To-day's approach is different because the age in which we live is different. As one who goes to races to look over the horses in their stalls with wide-eyed (almost boyish) wonderment, who rushes to the birdcage to take in the splendour of the parade, I find myself being confined to an ever-narrowing circle.

* * *

However, I was in tune with conditions at the club's September meeting. Spring manifested itself in the sprouting tree and the budding shrub after their winter sleep, in the sheen of High Caste's coat, the fire flaming in the eye of Beau Vite, in Jack Shaw's tie, the blue gown and blue socks of Gundagai, likewise in the working umbrella of Reg Blue, in the

name of Laureate, the stepping to music of Lucrative in the birdcage, the carriage of Dashing Cavalier, the Schubert selections by the band on the lawn—where patrons spread their lunches, "way back when. . . ."—the colour note dominant, and—yes, yes—the girls.

If you felt that way, or something like that way, without suspecting why, you have the cause-effect factor now, even if you know more of Omapo than of Omar.

And why did Triggerman, apart from all others, have his mane done up in pins—was that Spring? Handsome is who handsome does. Triggerman's win left no doubt about that.

* * *

Racing form is one thing, racing prospects another. Form is fact, prospects are a matter of opinion. About Lucrative I heard some say he should have done better to be a Metropolitan prospect. Another, acknowledged as a shrewd judge, conceded: "Lucrative did well in the circumstances, and will do better."

Then there was the man, not bothered by form or prospects, who bet a "system." As the Budget was in the news he backed Lucrative because of his name, and Pandect because of his dam, Credit. Not having an inflated opinion of his own judgment he invested both ways.

That same fellow told me a story (not apropos punters) concerning an evangelist who was addressing a gathering in a lunatic asylum on the reasons behind Creation.

"Why," he asked, "are we all here?"

"Because we are not all there," a voice came from the back.

* * *

Within the great crowd, I happened upon two crowds, struggling, at different times. One was milling to be on Veiled Threat; the other sought a glimpse of High Caste in his stall, attended by Trainer Jamieson and a retinue.

Mr. Commissioner Kearns, of the Rural Bank, was quickly in position in the official stand to see High Caste

for the first time. He said a peculiar and (as it happened) prophetic thing: "I'm not much of a punter, but if I go back to cricket calculations I won't have anything on High Caste. First time I have gone to see great batsmen—Bradman included—they have always failed."

While I was looking over the horses in their stalls a man dressed in naval uniform turned to me and asked: "What do you think of Pandect?" I told him I thought John Wren's horse would win the Melbourne Cup. "That's funny," he said. "A shipmate of mine thinks so, too—and he's picked the winners of the last six Cups on end."

There was the way Munro rode Beau Vite and the way Bayly Payten (from the grandstand) rode Connette—both classical examples of rugged horsemanship.

A girl rushed across to the barrier of the official stand and addressed a young soldier within: "What did you back?" He said: "Connette." "Fancy," she answered, "CONN-ette." "No," he repeated—"Conn-ETTE." Then she looked up her race-book, apparently thinking there must be two horses of similar name. "Yes, yes," she agreed, "CONN-ette."

The fellow gave up at that stage. Why he had gone more than the first round baffled me.

* * *

Talking to Renzie Rich, George Chiene, Jerry Dowling and Mick Gearin, the first-named guaranteed us one winner: The Bailiff. Rather quaintly named: by Double Remove.

G. J. Barton, New Zealander, part-owner of All Veil, has come across for the A.J.C. and V.R.C. meetings. He told me that Kindergarten had not been over-boomed, and was undoubtedly one of the greatest horses ever to have come from the sister Dominion.

Mr. Barton also volunteered the view that horses bred in N.Z. were not as a general rule greater than those bred in Australia. The quality of the N.Z. natural grasses was better, he said.

The Chairman mentioned to me a mutual friend, Orwell Phillips. I remember when he came to see me in private hospital my bed happened to be on the spot where as a boy he used to play the piano. Tusculum hospital had been the home of the Phillips family.

Orwell Phillips brought me from his Bowral property a collection of rare tulip blooms which captured the heart of my physician, dear old Dr. Leslie J. Lamrock, who loved flowers almost as much as he admired fox terriers. In his home at Waverley he raised both, flowers and foxies—rather a remarkable accomplishment, as the combination usually doesn't mix.

* * *

Reading was yawning his head off when I looked in at his stall. His attitude was one of unutterable boredom toward everybody and everything. Yet his looks belied his mood.

It was said of Byron Moore, old-time secretary of the V.R.C., that he had not seen a Melbourne Cup run in all his official years at Flemington. He chose that time to break away for a quiet, secluded cup of tea.

Until this meeting I had never seen George Rowe seated among the crowd on the second floor of the official stand. Ordinarily he is kept on the ground level by duty, and at other meetings he usually views the racing from the look-out on to the birdcage.

Somebody remarked: "What great horses George Rowe must have seen in all his years at Randwick."

"What great sportsmen he must have met?" I suggested.

The first speaker said that it hadn't struck him that way.

* * *

In a talk on athletes he had timed in various sports for more than half a century W. T. Kerr recalled Platt Betts, a cyclist, who had come from England to Sydney in the early years of the century under contract to a firm. Betts' main job was to break the mile record. So that there would be no disputing the time, should Betts succeed, the firm made Mr. Kerr an attractive monetary offer to place himself for three months at its disposal. This world-famous timekeeper, who did not take—and who has

never taken—money for his services informed the firm that he would be happy to oblige "free, gratis, and for nothing."

Betts, and those associated with him, were dwelling on ideal conditions. They were not prepared to have a go while a breath of wind was likely to affect the attempt. So it was that Mr. Kerr was called to the Sydney Cricket Ground at ungodly hours—sometimes as early as 6 a.m. He never once declined, and finally clocked the cyclist to smash the record at 7.45 o'clock one perfect evening.

* * *

Mr. Kerr told me of the occasion that he had clocked Donaldson—"the greatest sprinter I ever timed," he said—in his world-record-breaking dash over 120 yards in 12 secs. at Sydney Cricket Ground.

Among the crowd was Jim Hackett, Sr. As W. T. Kerr walked across to tell the time recorded to the Press, Jim Hackett called: "What did you make it, Bill?" As he was told, Jim held up his own stop watch for the official timekeeper to see. It showed 12 secs.

"A remarkable piece of timing in the circumstances," Billy Kerr commented in recalling the incident.

Old Dick Coombes, just before he passed on, replied to my direct question as to the greatest sprinter in his experience: "I class Donaldson and Postle together."

People used to say jokingly that old Dick Coombes had seen all the athletic meets since Captain Cook's arrival.

Records are put up to be lowered, and the great athlete, like the great horse, is simply the predecessor of a greater one.

A man whom I cannot name here because of his official racing associations, said to me at this meeting that a hurdler of the class of Cheery Jack would have been a "super-sensation" in the early years of the new century when we believed that certain hurdlers would rank as the greatest for all time.

When Dick Cavill first swam the 100 yards in 60 secs. we marvelled. Boys are doing it, girls are approach-

ing it, now. When Duffy broke 10 secs. over the 100 yards we simply couldn't believe it. In the U.S.A. today they have a youth whom they say will run the 100 yards in 9 secs.

* * *

Nobody should be certain that it can't happen.

When High Caste shook off Lucrative in the straight, a man beside me said: "It's all over. Let me out so that I may collect quickly."

You and I have seen races won, lost, won again, and finally lost, in the straight. Nothing is certain until the post has been passed—or, as the more cautious would say, until the weight flag flies.

* * *

Beau Vite was described as "the dark horse" of the Chelmsford field—just a wisecrack; a play on his colour and his win.

We have had good ones of the colour of Galliard, although, generally, I doubt whether colour has anything to do with quality, in either the human or the animal kingdom. "Gentlemen prefer blondes" doesn't rule out brunettes. It may be yet that the old racing yarn will become fact and the judge call: "Bring in the piebald!"

The late Frank Wilkinson—who had seen the first and the second Melbourne Cup run—once told me of a blue horse of outstanding merit.

Oldest of the racing records in our books at this meeting—2½ miles, 4.39¾, Trenton (4 years), 9st., Flemington, November, 1885.

* * *

At the close of the day the Chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) told me that glorious weather, a big crowd and exciting racing distinguished the meeting as being among the happiest and most successful of those outstanding in late years.

"The size of the crowd was particularly gratifying to us, since profits, as heretofore, will be devoted to patriotic funds. Tattersall's Club is in the forefront of war effort in various ways, and it is our purpose to keep that as our first principle," the Chairman further said.

(Continued on Page 5.)

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

"What's it matter what a horse is named? He would run as badly with the name of 'Gorgeous' as another might run well with the tag of 'Slocum.' It's the horse that counts, not the name."

A veteran in the club room had spoken. All he said was true. There is no magic in a name. King George V. called one from his stable "Lilibet," the pet name bestowed by the Royal family on Princess Elizabeth. It ran unplaced at its first start, and for ever afterwards. When His Majesty was having a particularly bad trot the Queen named a horse; but it ran up a lane.

For all that, sensible names should be chosen. The English language is not so limited as to explain, or excuse, many of the current blurbs.

* * *

There was once a craze to call horses by the names of greater ones, spelt backwards. So we got Enibrac (Carbine) among others. Seeking to be in the fashion, and yet distinctive, a trainer named a yearling Glenelg—"which," he announced, "is Glenelg spelt backwards."

Appropriate names recalled in club room conversations: Tartan (Lochiel—Colours), Broadcaster (Magpie—Space), Elfacre (Linacre—Bewitch), Gloaming (The Welkin—Light), Two Ways (Westcourt—East and West). Tippler's progeny included Toper and Havaspot. One of the brightest names was Indiscretion (His Lordship—Waiting Maid).

* * *

George E. Brown, for many years an engineer on steamers running between America and Australia—the old Ventura among them—made many friends among the sportsmen of this country and was well known and popular with members of this club.

From San Francisco, where he is living in retirement, George has written Alec Williams and enclosed a money order for 10 dollars (approximately £3) as a donation to Tattersalls Club's Patriotic Fund and

War Charities. This is typical of his generosity and a remembrance of happy days.

He wrote:

"They were great times in which I met men like yourself, Jim Hackett and his son, Frank Alldritt, Joe Matthews, and among those who have passed on, Ned Moss and Bob Miller.

"I was at Randwick first in 1891 and saw Bill Kelso riding often. I first met George Price at George Campbell's home at Coogee. The McKay brothers of Sussex St., introduced me to Jim Pike.

Give my regards to all old friends, not forgetting Dick Deveridge, Sid Baker, and 'Long John' (Logan), also to Fanny Durack and Mina Wylie. I pray that your two sons at the war return safely."

* * *

THE DELIBERATE PUTTER

One, two—squat and view.

Three, four—squat some more.

Five, six—adjust, fix.

Seven, eight—concentrate.

Nine, ten—missed again!

Ten and a quarter, ten and a half

Slowly burn while the others chaff!

* * *

Gracie Fields, known affectionately as "Our Gracie" in England, her homeland, is coomin' owt ta Orstralia, bi goom. Her mission will be a repeat performance—that is to say, to sing in the patriotic cause as she did in England and, more recently, in Canada.

Mel Lawton is chairman of the Special Functions Committee of the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund, which will make the arrangements for Gracie's appearances in the Commonwealth.

In the show business, there are no half-measures. The show goes, or it doesn't go. Mel Lawton's place at the helm is an assurance that bumper success will be guaranteed Gracie's season in the requisite of organisation.

Proceeds from the Australian tour will go to the Australian Comforts

Fund. Gracie's Canadian season raised £63,000 for the British Comforts Fund.

I have a preference for Gracie Fields in the classical rather than the comical; that is, as a singer, distinct from an actress. I am somewhat old-fashioned, and never have quite succumbed to "glamour" as a substitute for art. Gracie Fields is no glamour girl. She's an artist.

* * *

Harry Levien, who lived into the eighties, used to say that he found modern race meetings a little dull. Then he would quote a day at a Maitland meeting, long, long ago, when Miss Dixon, noted owner of the times, stood on her head on the lawn to win a wager. She had previously donned her jockey's costume—breeches and jacket.

It was the father of the late Joe Cook who trained for Harry Levien that good horse Lamond who, with Jock Fielder on top, led Arsenal and Abercorn home in a Metropolitan of the late eighties.

* * *

What is there in baseball that you don't get out of cricket? Bill Ford knows. He repped. for N.S.W. and Australia.

Once, only once, I took a baseballer, here on a visit from America, to see a Test cricket match. Unfortunately for me, unfortunately for him—indeed, unfortunately for everyone—Hobbs and Sutcliffe happened to be engaged in what Percy Fender loved to describe as "a dour, fighting partnership."

When I told my guest that cricket, otherwise played, was a game, a recreation, a sport, a pup from the strain that won the battle of Waterloo, he said a mouthful: "Quit kiddin'."

* * *

This was the contribution of the late Walter Hickenbotham, trainer of Carbine, to the controversy as to whether Carbine or Abercorn was the greater:

"Nothing between them up to a mile and a half. The farther they went, after that, the farther would Carbine take the lead."

(Continued on Page 7.)

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Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 5.)

RANDWICK INTERLUDE

He talked of Depression, and bored us to tears:

"This country has never been like it for years—

The reck'ning has struck us at last!"
When the stands rocked with laughter he moaned: "Wait till after This spree, we must pay for the past!"

Then, he called for a drink and—
what do you think?

Went to play up a quid on the last!

* * *

Example of an appropriate name:
Jerrybuilt by Empire Builder from Varnish. The imported mare was one of a number sent to the U.S.A. from St. Aubins Stud.

* * *

On one occasion Phar Lap visited Victoria Park to use the grass tracks. After he had completed his trial the champion was taken to the hosing yard. Water was being played on his legs when an impatient stable lad came along with a pony. "Here, take that jumper out, and let's have a go," said the boy. Not batting an eyelid, Phar Lap's attendant led away the greatest racehorse of that day in Australia.

* * *

Russia's "scorched earth" method of countering the Nazi blitz was applied against Napoleon in minor degree. As a small boy I heard my mother sing a song which she said she had heard her mother sing. It had a tuneful swing. The words I fail to

recall other than the ending: "Moscow was in blazes—and he lost his bonny bunch of roses."

Everybody knows, from his reading of history, that the Russians fired Moscow. Reference to the roses also is based on fact: After a great victory Napoleon was presented with a bunch of roses. A pretty conceit, maybe, but Napoleon was a man of finer tastes, "apart from all his homicidal glory," as the poet wrote. Even when campaigning afar, as in the Russian adventure, Napoleon spared a thought for the State Opera House, and saw that the subsidy was maintained.

Napoleon was somewhat of a sentimentalist, too. He must have been to have suffered Josephine for so long. She is credited with having been history's greatest weeper, just as the palm for nagging is handed to Xanthippe, wife of Socrates. Her scolding reverberated down the centuries, according to the records.

* * *

A fisherman got such a reputation for stretching the truth that he bought a pair of scales and insisted on weighing every fish he caught in the presence of a witness.

One day a doctor borrowed the scales to weigh a new-born baby. The baby weighed 47 lbs.

* * *

A story for our legal brethren (in particular):

She was in the witness box, going on at great length, explaining just how things had happened. Finally the judge, a very stern old gentleman,

said: "Madam, answer yes or no, as counsel commands."

She straightened right up and looked at him square in the eye and said: "Who are you, and will you mind your own business? I wasn't talking to you at all!"

* * *

Quentin Reynolds, probably most pro-British of all American newspaper correspondents stationed in England—we remember his commentary in the film, "England Can Take It"—writes in his latest book of the capacity of the English to enjoy sheer, mad, crazy humour. He quotes verse by J. B. Morton, including this bit:

Jack thought it would be rather fun
To toss the elephant a bun.

But much to the surprise of Jack
The monster promptly threw it back
And muttered with a knowing wink,
That makes it fifteen-all, I think.

* * *

Doug Lotherington (according to the Press release of which I retain the only copy extant) surveyed himself in the looking glass, agreed cordially with his pals that he looked more the juvenile lead . . .

There's no defying time, however, or the romance that ripens with time, and Doug has found himself (much to his delight) starred in the character role of grandfather.

A married daughter has one of those "most wonderful babies in the world."

* * *

Heard on the course: She was only a horsedealer's daughter, but she couldn't say him neigh.

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A CENTURY OF "PUNCH" — A BRITISH INSTITUTION

(By Edward Samuel)

Punch—an internationally famous humour magazine, a British Institution, in July last celebrated its centenary.

Punch, or The London Charivari, personified by the happy-go-lucky little hunchback who, together with his sad-faced dog, Toby, decorates the cover each week, is more than just a quip catchall. And therein probably lies its greatest attraction to the Britisher. Disrespectful of many customs and conventions, Mr. Punch tends to act as a liberalising and levelling influence with his satire, ridicule, jest, caricature and cartoon. But his capabilities go still farther, for on occasion he has reached the literary heights, touched the bottoms of the country's hearts, and even sown the seeds of national reform.

That has been the Punch tradition since July 17, 1841, when the first magazine issue was published. And that same tradition has followed down through the years by such a galaxy of Punchsters as William Makepeace Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Hood, Lord Tennyson, George Du Maurier, Sir John

Tenniel, W. S. Gilbert, and Sir Owen Seaman.

In humour, Punch's early contributions set the pace with such famous quips as "Advice to persons about to marry—Don't!" and "What is Mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind." Yet, as a true chronicler of the times, Punch's volumes read more like a century-long history of England, and the magazine is never more on its mettle than during periods of crisis.

Its present display of fortitude, amid raids and threats of raids is no exception and is epitomised in the words of E. V. Knox, the sixth in Punch's 100-year parade of editors: "Since its earliest years Punch has been attacking the Prussian bully as he turned on Austria, Denmark, and France, in 1870, 1914, and again today We hope the day will come when this century-old theme can be dropped. To execute his traditional task in the present emergency, Mr. Punch has had to surmount more difficulties than ever before. Luckily, Nazi bombs have

shattered no more than a few window panes of his London home at 10 Bouverie Street. But many of his staff are absent on war duty; a few have been killed. Wartime restrictions on paper have cut Punch's size and limited the near 150,000-copy circulation to 100,000. Even the staff's weekly luncheons, descendants of the old Wednesday English-beef-and-beer dinners at the ancient Punch table, have been switched to short morning conferences. The table itself—Thackeray's "Mahogany Tree," which is really only plain deal, or pine—embellished with penknifed initials of Punchsters back to the founding days, has been removed to the country for safe-keeping.

By the same token, Mr. Punch's birthday party was limited. What with food restrictions and the blackout, the jolly little hunch-backed centenarian could have neither cake nor candles.

However, we all hope that there are happier days in store and we all look forward to Punch's victory cartoon when that day dawns—as it surely will.



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The Golfer's Temperament—Humorous and Otherwise

(By Louis T. Stanley in the "FIELD")

"Golf is like love: if you don't take it seriously, it is no fun, and if you do take it seriously, it breaks your heart." This humorous observation by an American writer contains more than a modicum of truth. No one likes to be baffled and bewildered by a game, and I am positive that no humble beginner enjoys hacking and scraping his way round a course whilst more expert brethren airily pass him by. The bright moment in a novice's round comes when, by some amazing coincidence, the club makes successful contact with the ball and the elusive sphere sails gaily down the fairway. The player is blissfully ignorant how it happened and is powerless to repeat it to order, but the memory of that one proud moment buoys him up and home he goes dreaming of the day when such shots will be the rule rather than the exception.

Everyone experiences such moments of delicious anticipation, and it may only be after years of waiting that disillusionment sets in and we remember the warning words of Sir Walter Simpson: . . . "the poetic temperament is the worst for golf. It dreams of brilliant drives, iron shots laid dead, and long putts holed, whilst in real golf success waits for him who takes care of the fozzles and leaves the fine shots to take care of themselves." Once let such day-dreams monopolise our golfing thoughts and we are doomed to enter upon a trying period—"rayther a change for the vorse, Mr. Trotter, as the gen'l'm'n said, ven 'e got two doubtful shillin's and six penn'orth o' pocket-pieces for a good half-crown"—for the urge to emulate the gods inevitably means at first a rude awakening and sad hearts.

Much depends, of course, upon the temperament of the player concerned. Within recent years a great deal of ink has been spilt in attempts to plumb the intimate depths of this abstract subject. "Bobby" Jones refers to it as "that curious and little understood factor of temperament which is so convenient an explanation either of the successful tournamenteer or

the unsuccessful one." It can be a double-edged sword, and is often cited as an excuse for all sorts of failings which blunter-minded folk would attribute to temper. What many golfing psycho-analysts tend to forget is that when you attempt to cast a net over a section of humanity, like the contrary creatures we are, our individual traits assert themselves and, willy-nilly, we slip through the mesh. They commence by deploring certain categorical statements popularly made about temperament and immediately contradict themselves by being fiercely dogmatic, somewhat like the scholar who wrote a lengthy tome denying the existence of a personal deity, but conceded the possibility of there being an unknown personality and then proceeded in some three hundred pages to describe all the attributes of the "unknown"!

Although we cannot explain the root causes of all our varying golfing emotions, yet it is possible to recognise the different types on the course. There is that group who take themselves too seriously, and their game becomes a laboured business. Books upon the intricate mysteries of the swing are greedily perused, many contradicting the ones that went before. Writing a book upon golf instruction has now become a highly technical art, due in part to the increased knowledge of what actually does take place during the execution of a shot as revealed by modern photographic appliances, but the sum total is largely theoretical and I often wonder how many of the emotions and sensations minutely described are consciously felt when the writer is playing.

I remember reading some interesting instructional notes by a well-known professional and finding one passage somewhat vague. When next we met I asked him to enlighten my dim understanding. "Ah, yes," he replied, "by all means, but I'd better read the whole passage first. You see I haven't had time to look at it myself yet." After that my faith in expert advice was somewhat shaken, and I thought of some patient

long-handicap player struggling to understand the teachings of the great, endeavouring maybe to unravel this particular passage, and then trying to put it into action. Little wonder that confusion follows and the business of hitting the ball almost overlooked. Well might they echo Sir W. Simpson's plaint: "Oh, hang it! With so many things to be thought of all at once, steady play is impossible."

There is to my mundane mind the decidedly humorous angle of all this theoretical confusion, although a serious golfer once rebuked me for saying so, by gravely remarking that there was nothing funny about golf, as if I had uttered blasphemy. Possibly not to him, but, unknowingly, the poor fellow provided more unconscious amusement than any of the other members of that club.

His attitude, and those of others similarly afflicted, reminded me of a bridge party in a country rectory. Normally I thoroughly enjoy such an evening, but on this occasion my clerical friend and his partner were so intent upon victory, and so intensely solemn, that their excessive seriousness induced opposite reactions, my concentration was banished, and I sat at the table positively hoping to be dummy, for unlike the short-sighted Mr. Malthus at the Suicide Club, who was unable to see the cards in the game of death, I could both see and "watch the faces."

The golfing counterpart is the man who, missing a holeable putt or hooking out-of-bounds, will raise his club and arms heavenwards in not always mute invocation and vent his wrath upon the caddie, the greens, the Greenkeeping Committee, or anyone within range except himself. Served in too frequent doses such antics become tiresome, but there is invariably the humorous side. Such outbursts are more noticeable during a championship, when the targets for their envenomed darts vary from flesh and blood to inanimate objects. Smashing niblick shafts, for long the favourite among irascible golfers, has become unpopular since the introduction of steel clubs, which have a habit of painfully reminding the wrathful iconoclast of the foolishness of his act, his misguided outlook presumably being that it is better to break your shaft than to lose your temper!

(Continued on Page 13.)

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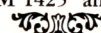
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Twenty Years of Golfing Memories

(Continued from Page 11.)

A newcomer to this list of "temper"-amental frolics occurred a few seasons ago during an Open Championship when a foreign entrant was so overcome with remorse on one green that picking up his ball, he bit it, hurled it to the ground, picked it up, bit it again, and repeated the performance until he reached the next tee. The following season I recalled the incident and he told me that his distress had been caused through feeling that, indirectly, he had distracted his partner just as he was about to play his shot.

The most common trait at present is to hurl the offending club or ball far away into the void, which, in theory, is excellent, but somehow that particular void frequently harbours unsuspecting creatures who are apt to become annoyed, and the act rebounds like a verbal boomerang. The last and most humiliating stage is when a man becomes so disgusted with his play that he either bids his caddie take the clubs for ever from his sight, or else commits bags, clubs, balls and all to the muddy depths of the first convenient pond. Such threats are often heard floating across a course, but rarely put into action—"I do not believe any mortal (unless he had put himself without the pale of hope) would deliberately drain a goblet of the waters of Lethe."

What then is the ideal golfing temperament? When we hie us to the champions for much needed examples we find ourselves amidst human frailty, for they, of all men, are often the most highly-strung, nervous individuals who have to pass through the fire of anguish before the final victorious putt drops. Usually, the most evenly balanced golfers are those who are good enough to survive a few rounds of championship golf but lack the "divine fury" peculiar to champions.

In this category perhaps the happiest group of golfers I have encountered were to be found in the Canadian team which visited our courses a few seasons ago, and in particular Gordon Taylor and Kenneth Black. Both entered for the Amateur Championship and took part in innumerable club matches, by no means disgracing themselves against the best of our golfers, and throughout it all

BILLIARDS and SNOOKER

Novel Gambling Game Invented by Australian at Sea— Billiards Now Regarded as Cure for Certain Ills— More Challenges in Offing

When members visit our new billiards room on the second floor they will note that everything has been done to meet their requirements. Lighting is perfect, tables completely renovated and appointments offering ease and comfort — an ideal combination for relaxation.

Trust anyone with Australian blood running through his veins to invent something on which to gamble should opportunity arise. On recent date, a billiard table was sent aboard a war ship in England.

Suddenly the ship was ordered out of dock and put to sea with the billiard table still in position. On the high seas, it was, obviously, impossible to play, but an Australian member of crew did not let such a small matter as an ocean prevent his amusement. He devised a new idea:

Snooker balls were used and each player was allowed to choose his own colour. That formality over, each player placed his ball on its correct spot and at a given sign left ball to its own devices. First ball to roll into a pocket through movement of ship was the winner and the sport, so definitely fair and beyond reproach, has now become permanent on the ship.

Members have regaled themselves with the new Snooker Race game, but here is something new. Just how the committee will make one of our tables rock about a-la-ocean-wave-

maintained a carefree, happy-go-lucky attitude which infected all around. Would that more of those who frequent our golf courses possessed their spirit.

For ourselves, let us always remember that we cannot change our temperament, and if we are stolid and phlegmatic by nature it is little use sighing to be highly-strung and sensitive. But we can at least remember that we can improve what we have—"energy and determination have done wonders many a time."

propulsion remains to be seen. If they can do it successfully the new idea can be accepted as sure winner.

Billiards Used for Injuries!

The heading "billiards used for injuries" may make strange reading, but it is, nevertheless, true.

Leading physicians who have charge of our injured soldiers overseas have come to the conclusion that re-education of muscles is essential after injury, for speedy recovery, and billiards offers an ideal method of carrying out the scheme.

Certain stiffness in muscles, it has been found, can be greatly helped along the path back to normality per medium of gentle exercise (taken as pleasure) in the form of playing a long-jenny or a succession of losing hazards from baulk!

There is nothing fantastic about the idea and physicians have dubbed the treatment "occupational therapy." It is getting its results, too, which is all to the point.

With foregoing knowledge, members may now, if they wish, ease those creaky joints in a game of 100-up or a frame or two at snooker.

Challenges Ahead.

After being in recess since the war started, N.S.W. Amateur Billiards Association intends to make a move in direction of Patriotic Funds and to select a given number of players to represent it in a series of friendly challenge matches against various clubs. Several of our own members will be interested in venture. If the scheme is carried through to its limit and embraces Schools of Arts the amount raised should reach commendable proportions.

It is high time members received Break Certificates from the Billiards Association and Control Council (Eng.). Several have been awarded and members can secure same for 100 break at billiards or 33 at snooker.

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TAMWORTH—"Metropolis of the North"

"Metropolis of the North" is a title justly earned by the town of Tamworth, with its wide, tree-planted streets and its picturesque setting in the midst of a rich New England Valley. Nearby winds the Peel River, discovered and named after Sir Robert Peel, by John Oxley, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, while fighting his way back to the coast in 1818. Oxley's party were undoubtedly the first white men to enter the district, but it was not until 1831, after the Australian Agricultural Company had taken up land at Port Stephens and found it unsuitable, that its leader, Henry Dangar, inspected the Peel River District once more with a view to taking up land there.

A grant of 600,000 acres of land extending right into where Tamworth stands to-day, was made by Governor Bourke. In the same year the first homestead was erected by Colonel Dumaresq and named "Calala," the aboriginal name for the Peel River. Portions of this station are still owned and worked by an English company directly related to the original Australian Agricultural Company.

In 1839 came the first white women to Tamworth—the wives of Thomas Byrnes and James Johnstone, to take up their abode in what was then only a settlement of bark humpies. Thomas Byrnes became the first postmaster, later adding the duties of store-keeper to those of postal official.

In 1853, the Peel River Company took over the original Woolmol Cattle Station, and Mr. James Muggleton became its first overseer, and the first occupier of Woolmol

House, a portion of which still remains. A plan of a town reserve at Tamworth was presented to Sir Thomas Mitchell, Surveyor-General, in 1849, and he became responsible for the design and the naming of the streets. The proclamation notifying the town appeared on 1st January, 1850. Up till then, Tamworth had been a small centre for the grazing holdings which surrounded it. But in 1854, after the discovery of gold on the Peel Estate, came several thousand diggers, whose influx, as has so often happened in the history of Australia, benefited the town in many indirect ways. The Australian Agricultural Company had already decided to dispose of the Peel River Estate, and many of the unsuccessful gold diggers turned their attention to agriculture.

Although potentially rich, Tamworth's population in 1860 was still under 600, and it was not until after the Land Act of 1861 that a change for the better took place and farms were then taken up in all directions by the hitherto disgruntled small settlers.

In 1866 the railway had reached as far as Singleton, and the Goonoo-Goonoo Station—between Peel River and Goonoo-Goonoo Creek, was carrying 80,000 sheep and 4,000 cattle.

Flour milling was established and the Phoenix Mill purchased by George Fielder in the 1860's, still enjoys a reputation for the fine quality of its flour.

Tamworth became a municipality in 1876 and Phillip Gidley King was the first mayor.

After the completion in 1878 of the railway to West Tamworth, the town quickly grew to its present size; while in 1887 Tamworth proudly boasted that it was the first town in Australia to be lighted by electricity.

In 1909 further subdivision of land under the Closer Settlement Act added 240 new families to those living on the Peel River banks. After the disastrous floods of 1910, the citizens quickly and courageously made good the damage, and Tamworth to-day is the business centre of a magnificent agricultural and pastoral district, having for its chief sources of wealth wheat, wool, dairying, lucerne, cattle-raising, maize, and honey.

The population and wealth of the town have increased enormously in the last sixty years. There are now 13,000 people in this town alone, and the improved capital value of the town property is over £2,000,000. There are more than three million sheep in the district, almost two million bushels of wheat are produced annually, together with 850 tons of butter, 2½ million dozen eggs, and other rich products, besides gold, magnesite, limestone and brick clay.

The circulation of "The Northern Daily Leader" is the largest of any provincial newspaper in the State, and with its broadcasting station, schools, churches and every other modern institution, Tamworth is one of the finest and most enterprising of our provincial towns.



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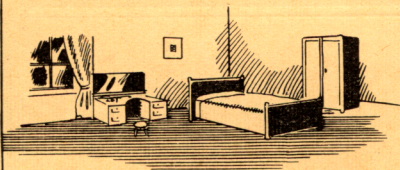
650 GEORGE STREET

===== Brickfield Hill =====

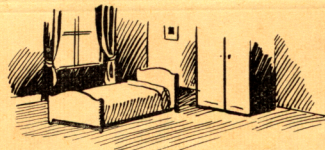
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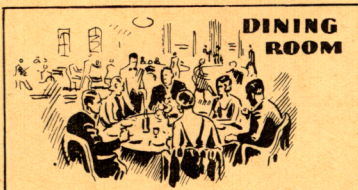
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BEDROOMS



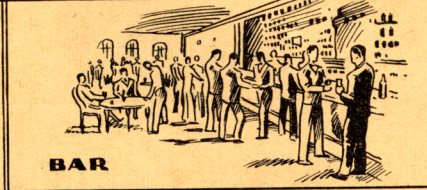
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DINING ROOM

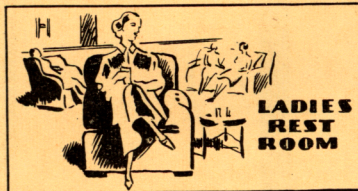


LOUNGE

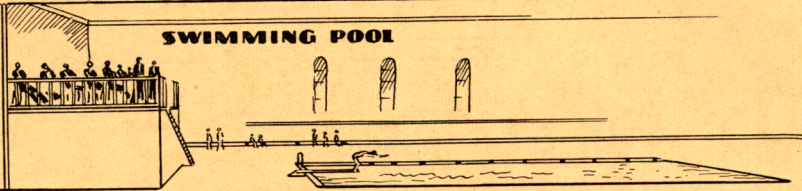


BAR

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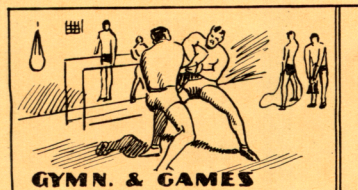


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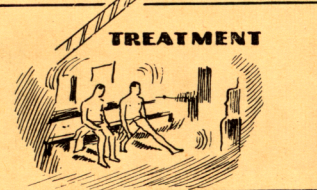


SWIMMING POOL

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GYMN. & GAMES



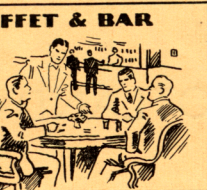
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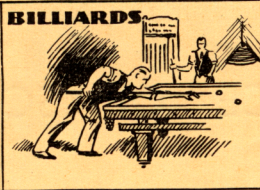
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CARD ROOMS



BUFFET & BAR



BILLIARDS



OFFICE & BOARD ROOM

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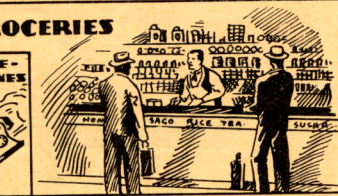
CLUB ROOM



BAR



BARBER



GROCERIES

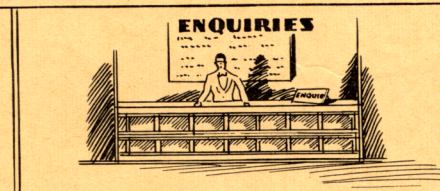


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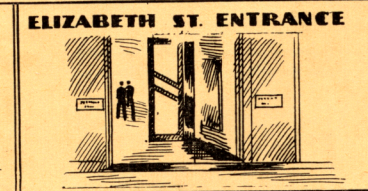
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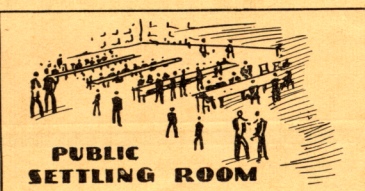


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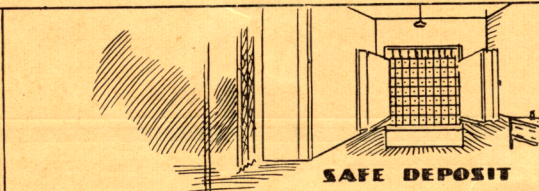
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